

# WIRELESS INFERNAL MACHINE NEWEST WEAPON OF UNDERWORLD

INGING a signal bell or lighting an electric light through the steel walls of a vault or a brick wall with no wire connections is apparently an easy matter with the aid of an invention of William L. Cummings, a twenty-three-year old boy who is being held by the government authorities in New York city for sending a threatening letter to Miss Dorothy Bamberger, a young heiress. Cummings is alleged to have advised Miss Bamberger through the letter that unless she gave him \$1,000 he would destroy her by means of this contrivance.

It is the opinion of the authorities that Cummings fell upon this alleged black-mailing scheme to get money to place his invention before the public. That the apparatus as it looks like a sincere attempt to apply wireless telegraphy to a block signal system is the opinion of scientists who have examined the device.

But it also has deadly possibilities. An infernal machine containing the receiving apparatus of a wireless outfit could be entirely concealed in a suit case and yet be effective. It might be placed in a building or anywhere else and the action of the apparatus would not be interfered with so long as the receiving instruments were not entirely surrounded by a thick wall of metal.

The machine is not extremely complex in construction.

A sheet iron tank about one and one-half feet in diameter and about two and one-half feet high stands on a wooden pedestal. In front of the cylinder is a red light below and a green light above, neither of which seems to perform any function, according to a test recently made by electrical men. On top of the machine and connected with the inside are two pieces of wire about six inches long, one end of each being bent in an upright position. To the other end of each wire is attached a half of a small ball of steel, the two halves resting about one-quarter of an inch apart.

The inside of the machine contains a series of wires, dry cell batteries, an instrument similar to a telegraph key and other mechanical devices.

With this machine Cummings claims he can ring a bell or light a lamp at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet through brick, stone or steel. It is asserted that he also claimed that with one other little attachment which he had hoped to have perfected he could work the key in the machine and write a letter

on a typewriter at a distance of at least one hundred feet without other aid than an assistant to put paper in the machine.

Cummings says that the object of the invention is the perfection of a block signal system. He asserts that when his invention is perfected he can not only signal by the lights in front of each station when the block is clear and when a train is on it, but that no matter what happens to the track the engineer will be warned.

He says that with the aid of the wireless a train can be stopped from any distance up to seven hundred feet, and that in case of a broken rail after a train has entered the block the signal will be flashed to the engine cab, where a bell will be rung and a light turned on to call the attention of the engineer to stop the train. Cummings claims that when his invention is perfected it will include a scheme by which it will be possible to stop a train automatically by pulling the air controller so that in case the engineer and fireman are incapacitated the train will be stopped before an accident can occur.

A. A. Knowlton, assistant professor of physics of the University of Utah, who was present at the examination of the machine, which was held in the presence of newspaper men, private and government detectives and United States officials, said:—

"Cummings' idea of applying wireless telegraphy to a block signal system is not far fetched and might indeed prove practicable. The chief problem of the inventor would be that of reliability. Wireless apparatus is very delicate and is subject to fitfulness in operation unless kept carefully adjusted. This apparatus could be made to explode a charge of dynamite at a short distance, perhaps not more than a hundred feet."

Mr. W. P. Betts, a Salt Lake City man, who had made arrangements to help finance Cummings' patent, tells the following story of his first meeting with the young inventor, who is now held by the federal authorities:—

"Cummings came to our office first on the morning of June 24. He said he had been looking for the offices of the Utah Light and Railway Company to apply for work and had been attracted by the sign on our door. His explanation of his proposed patent interested me, and I immediately took him to the office of our attorney, Mr. J. Stokes, Jr., and a contract was made by which we were to furnish material for the building of a model for an interest in the patent rights."

The arrest of Cummings was marked



Miss Dorothy Bamberger.

with sensational circumstances. Miss Dorothy Bamberger, who had just arrived from New York, where she attended school, received a letter telling her to meet the sender at a local hotel, where she should give \$1,000 in cash in order to avoid danger to herself. The letter was crudely written on a typewriter and many words were misspelled. At the bottom of the letter was a drawing of a suitcase filled with dynamite, with notations showing that certain diagrams were meant to be batteries, a spark coil and contact wires. Cummings has admitted that he made the drawings on the letter.

Miss Bamberger turned the letter over to detectives, who instituted a trap which resulted in the capture of Cummings. Cummings was caught as the result of telephone conversations. Miss Bamberger was called by telephone at her apartments in the Hotel Utah by one who said he was "Mr. McCormick." The threatening letter was signed "James McCormick." She was told to keep the man on the line as long as possible, and the detectives traced the location of the telephone used by the supposed "McCormick," and in that way Cummings was captured.

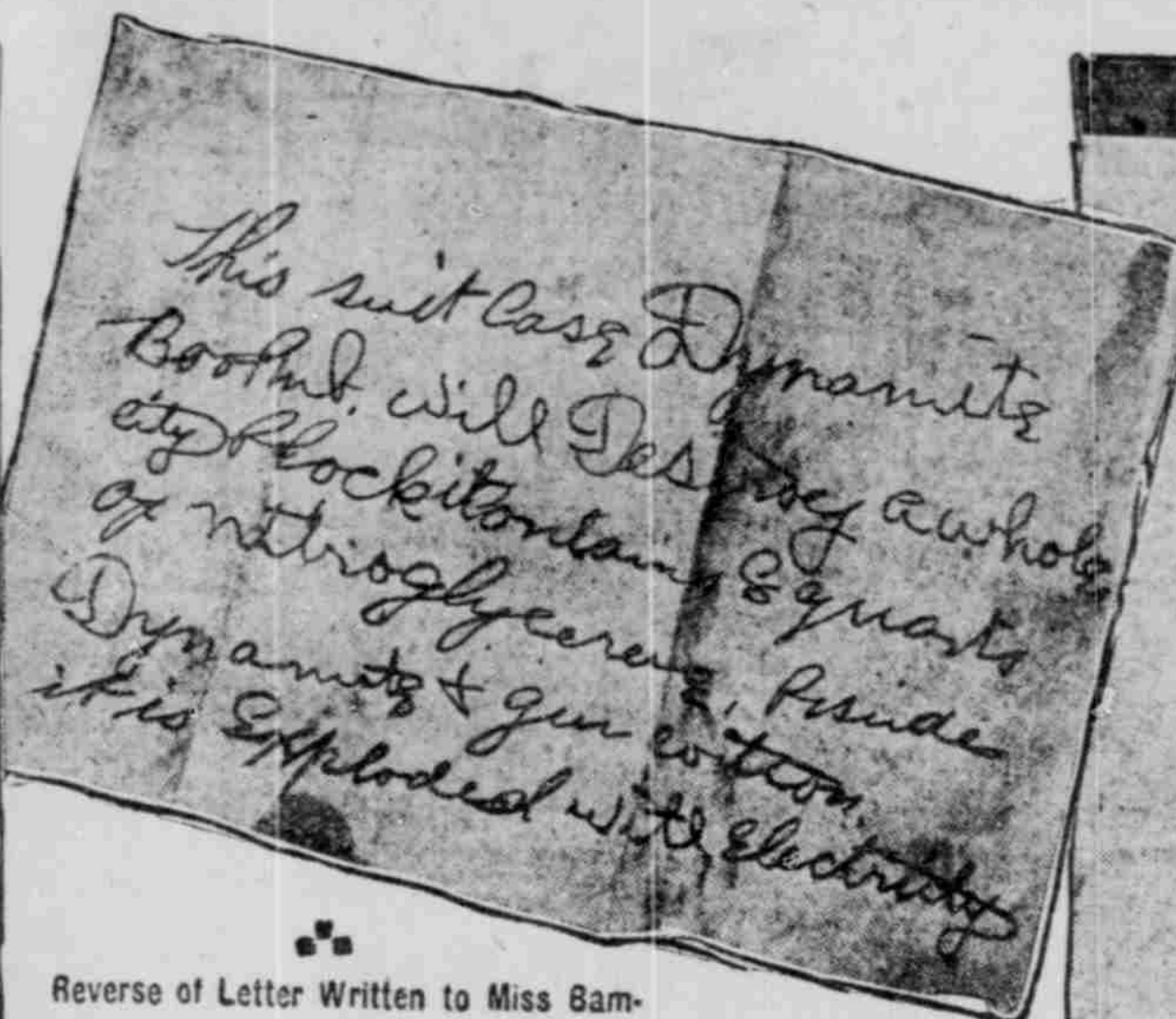
He at first denied all connection with the Black Hand letter. He later admitted that he made the drawings on the letter, but declared that he had been the cat's paw of another. He said the prevailing mind in the affair had been a man named Burge, but a search has failed to reveal such a man. Cummings said that Burge had compelled him at the point of a gun to make the drawing.



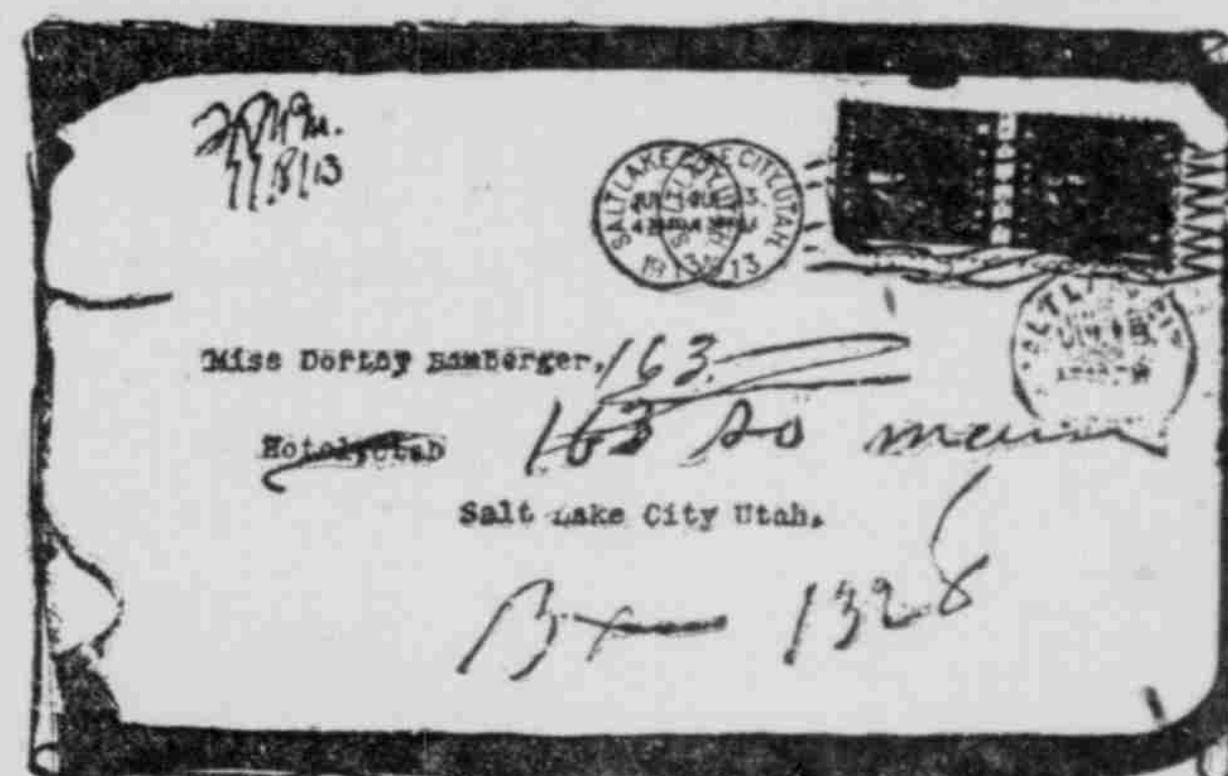
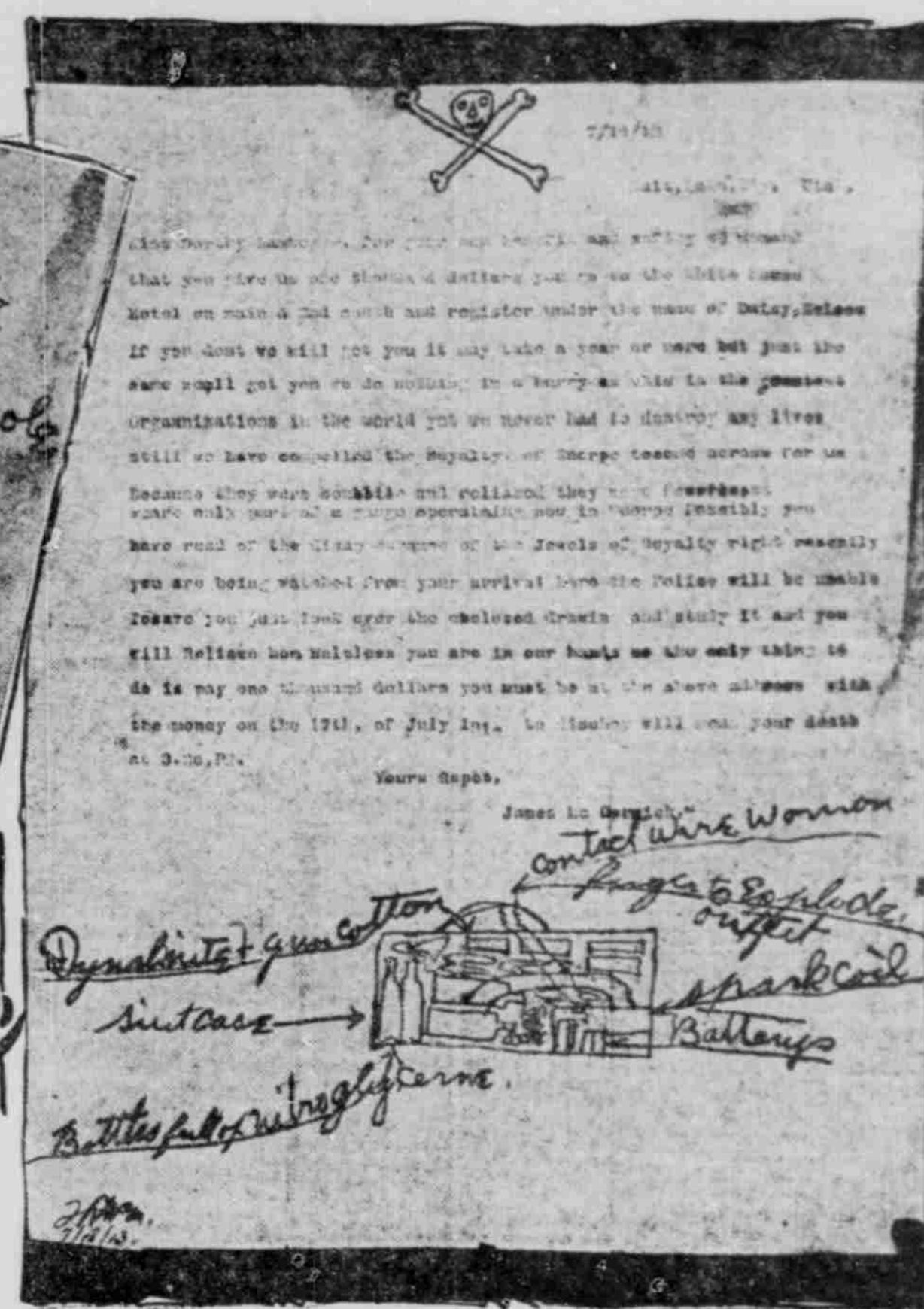
William L. Cummings.

Owing to the fact that Cummings told a fairly connected story even under severe cross-examination some credence was placed in what he said. Telegrams were sent to surrounding towns and an effort was made to locate Burge. The effort proved fruitless.

Miss Bamberger is an ardent lover of dogs. She recently exhibited her prize winning Russian wolfhound Boreas in New York city. Boreas is very fond of his young mistress and follows her devotedly. Cummings denied ever having used opiates of any kind. He said he never drank anything stronger than beer, and very little of that, and said he was a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. While



Reverse of Letter Written to Miss Bamberger.



Letter Received by Miss Dorothy Bamberger.

"My dear son Willie—I will try to write you to-day. I wrote you a long letter to San Francisco, Cal.; you told me to. Why did you do that, for you did not go there? What are you doing in Salt Lake City? Why don't you tell us? You know people will ask what you are doing. What did you do about the automobile improvement; did you get anything for it? Do you think you will stay there? What are you doing for a living there? Martie Gerthery passed through Salt Lake a short time ago on her way to Los Angeles. She lives there now. She came here on a visit. She is doing fine. She married a Mr. Fleming; he is a lawyer there.

"They are doing fine. I think I will go somewhere and run a boarding house. I see we will not make a living here. I am all to pieces and don't know what to do. I will not try to write very much. There is a lot of fever now. Dayton Espy died the other day with it and Mr. Taylor is very low. I just heard it since I began your letter.

"Willie, I want you to look at the moon and think of me and think I am praying to you. MOTHER."

## Dog Does Journey of 210,000 Miles

WHEN the Indra line steamship Indrani left Boston a few days ago there was a cabin passenger aboard enjoying the distinction of having just finished the last leg of a 210,000 mile journey without having paid a penny of fare. The passenger is still journeying and still escapes the obligation of paying fares. He is still aboard the Indrani.

The remarkable traveler is known by the name of Fluffy and he is the champion dog traveler of the world. He arrived in Boston on June 27 aboard the Indrani and put in the time ashore seeing the sights, playing with the little girls and boys in the streets and in gazing with pity and some contempt upon the dogs of the city which have never wandered far from their own door mats.

Fluffy is part wild fox and part chow and has been making regular sea voyages since he was six months old. But even now this strangely wise dog knows no master.

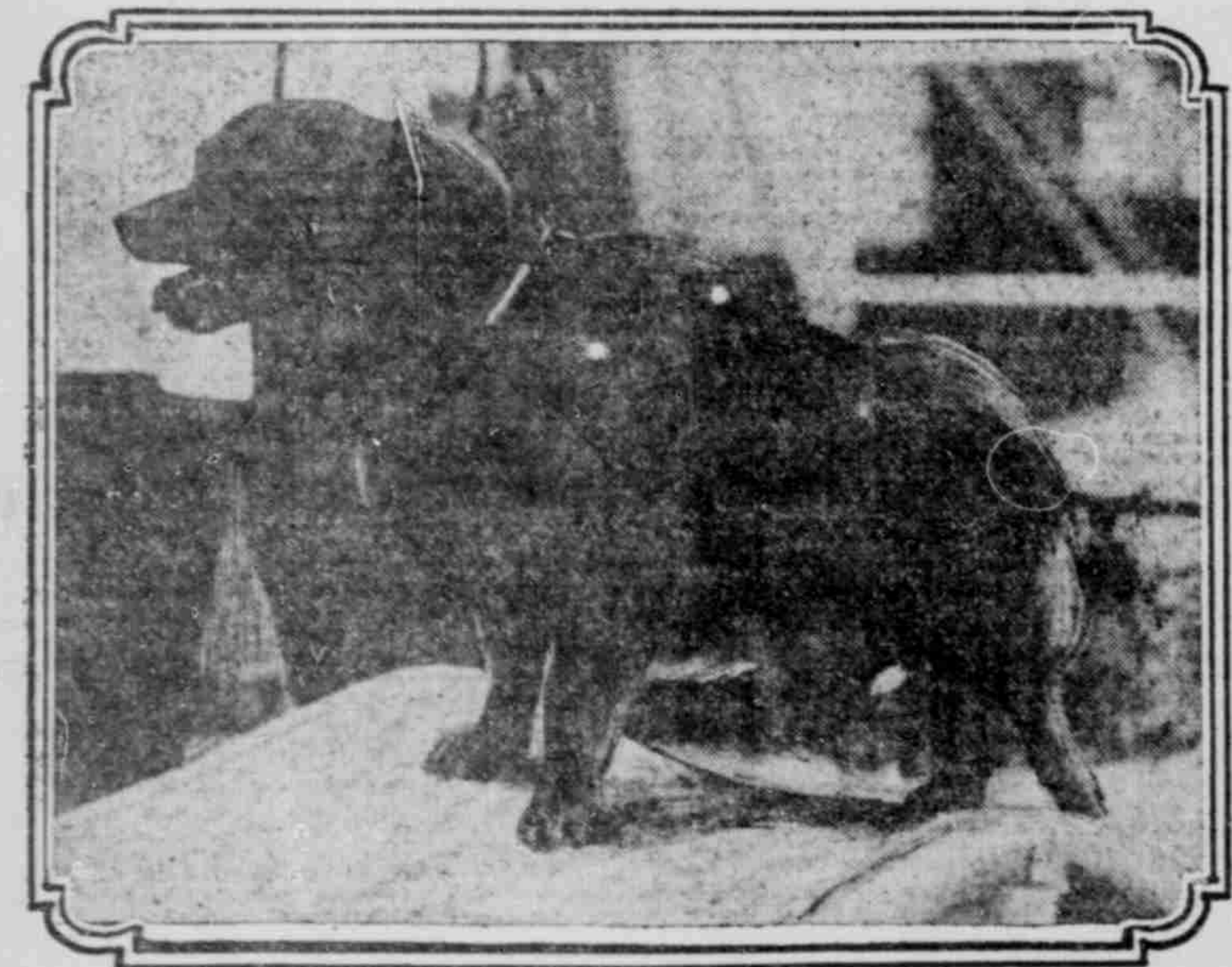
In 1907 one of the officers of the steamship Indravelli was wandering the streets

Piji Islands, Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, Malay, Asia, Arabia, Egypt, Spain, Malta, South Africa, Ceylon, India and the United States. He has passed through the Suez Canal eleven times.

Fluffy has a remarkable knowledge of the movements of the vessels aboard which he happens to be. He will not leave the bridge day or night during a fog so long as the fog whistle is kept sounding. He is also just as fussy about not leaving the bridge during the passage in and out of port, and he always keeps close to the captain during these trying times.

He was the mascot of the Indravelli and the Indrasamba before going to the Indrani. His experiences have been many, varied and trying. The champion dog ocean traveler once fell forty feet into the hold of the Indravelli and it was feared he was killed, but within a few days he was up and running about the deck again.

Fluffy came to Boston from Japan on



Fluffy, the Dog Sea Rover.

of Shanghai when he noticed a tiny dog following him and making an effort to attract his attention. The kindly officer spoke to the puppy, which howled with delight and began jumping upon the officer as if he were a long lost friend. The officer took the puppy on board his vessel and the little fellow was immediately christened Fluffy, because of his heavy coat. He remained with the ship a long time and made many voyages, most of which were long ones.

Captain Pilcher, of the Indrani, declares that the dog has traveled 210,000 miles to his certain knowledge, and this does not include the many miles of river and harbor traveling the dog has done in between his big journeys. Fluffy has been in Australia, New Zealand, Canada,

the last trip and aboard the vessel were a few nobles, with whom he became great friends, but the dog declined to accept of the hospitality permanently of any of them. They all were anxious to adopt the sea rover.

The dog, it is declared, knows the bells of the steamship and all the watches and is easily able to count the bells and to tell the difference between two bells and eight bells, and when the mess bells sound that is when Fluffy is always most happy. At such times he will jump about the decks, barking command after command to the crew and the hands on the dock handling the lines and hawsers.

## Visiting As a Fine Art, Told by an Expert

"I've had two delightful weeks by myself at a deserted little country inn," said Miriam, "and now I am off for a round of visits.

"I'm going to relatives and family friends," continued Miriam. "I am a poor relation, you see, and they all solemnly invite me for a week or ten days, or only for over Sunday. Time always carefully stipulated, after our businesslike fashion—and just as carefully observed."

"Any new ideas as to hostesses, visits and visitors in advance?" queried Grace, brightening up a bit.

"Rather," replied Miriam emphatically. "I am going to write a book on 'Visiting as a Fine Art' one of these days, for it is a fine art if you're a good visitor, and I suppose I am, or even duty wouldn't make the relatives and family friends invite me annually."

"What do you do?" asked Grace, "and how do you do it?"

"Well, to begin with, I consider the servants, how they judge, and I aim to gain their respect and liking.

"I have to pack for myself, but I manage to achieve a certain distinction, in spite of this evidences of poverty—at least I flatter myself I do.

"I step out of the day coach, for I can't afford parlor cars, with plenty of self respect under the critical eyes of the liveried minion who waits to conduct me to the motor.

"As to my packing, my dear, that is in very truth a fine art. I choose my wardrobe for these plutocratic visits with the greatest care, and I place it in my one and only box as ably as a French maid could.

"I take all three of my evening frocks, the super-splendid one in rainbow effects, the dainty French pink-and-blue chiffon, and the sheathlike affair in black with moonlight jet.

the neck and sleeves are seen, and over them you can don a variety of coats, boleros or mantles.

"They are very useful and pretty, especially when accompanied by a shady, simple hat with just a big bow or a cluster of blossoms for trimming, and I'm glad they're in favor again.

"But the Parisienne has made of her robe a most elaborate garment. She has flounced it and frilled it, and fashions it in net or embroidered muslin.

### "Houseboat Vaccine" for Tuberculosis.

"HOUSEBOAT vaccine" is the latest discovery for the cure of tuberculosis. The merits of the treatment have been fully tested by a New York family, two of whose members were threatened with the dread disease. Mrs. Patterson J. Rothermel, who is known on the Harlem River as "Captain" Rothermel, has been in charge of the administration of the treatment and is herself the discoverer of the cure.

In her pathological researches Mrs. Rothermel was inspired by mother love rather than by scientific curiosity. Her husband was a victim of tuberculosis and died from the disease in 1908. When the family physician examined Addison J. Rothermel and Royale Rothermel, the only children of the family, he declared that they too were threatened with tuberculosis of the lungs.

It was then that Mrs. Rothermel came out as a scientist.

"We'll try the houseboat cure," she said triumphantly at the end of her researches.

The Valray, a comfortable houseboat, was at once purchased and the family began life afloat. The first station of the houseboat was near Goat Island, Echo Bay, Long Island. Then the following year it was decided that it would be more convenient to be nearer to Manhattan, and the houseboat moved over to the river front of Spuyten Duyvil. In addition to the fresh air cure, the Rothermels took the cold water cure, and every morning until the ice comes Mrs. Rothermel, her two sons and the four dogs, which are also members of the houseboat family, dive over the sides of their home into their water garden.

"Well, then, to continue. I take plenty of underwear and smart boots and dainty shoes, and a tea gown of the fluffy kind, as well as a pretty bathrobe in pink or blue.

"I use a quantity of tissue paper in packing my box, and I carry several of those thin dust sheets for putting over clothes in the cupboard.

"The tissue paper goes in the sleeves of my coats, blouses and bodices, and rolls of it go under the crease in the skirts where they are folded.

"My boots and shoes and slippers are rolled in those squares of linen. All my toilet silver is carefully polished, and every ribbon is run through my under-linen, so when the maid comes to do my unpacking she finds everything in perfect order and in good condition.

"That gives her a respect for me. I am not exaggerating. The effect is instantaneous. She has not been a lady's maid for so many years without learning how to respect a woman who knows what is due to herself.

"As for the tipping—well, I give what I can afford and feel disposed to give. I offer it pleasantly and without any doubt as to its reception, and I've never been disappointed. It is always accepted gratefully and respectfully.

"I think people worry too much about the amount of tips. I'm sure servants are always reasonable and receive the fee in the spirit in which it is given, whatever the amount.

"As for my other claims to being a good visitor they are just the usual ones. In the first place I've trained myself to be interested in anyone who takes me in to dinner.

"Then I help my hostess all I can, am always to be called upon to play a fairly simple accompaniment or make a fourth at bridge, and I love a tramp over the hills if she wishes to send me off with some one."

"You're almost too good to be true!" laughed Grace. "Why not advertise as the one and only perfect guest?"

"Oh, you may jeer," said Miriam good-naturedly, "but I've told you my method, and I only hope the good seed won't fall on barren ground. If you had seen as many tiresome visitors as I have and stayed with as many overzealous hostesses you'd realize that visiting and entertaining are both fine arts, and if we're going to practice either we had better study first principles."

## Picturesque Greek Peasant Women



A Camera Study of Greek Peasant Women in Neighborhood of Argyrocastro.

GREEK women of the district of Epirus, which Italy is now seeking to have transferred from the rule of Greece to that of Albania, are among the most picturesque peasants to be found in Europe at the present time, when in so many countries the beautiful traditional peasant costumes have been modified or set aside in a pitiful attempt to follow the mode of the moment. The Greeks of Epirus, both men and women, are very unwilling to be made subjects of Albania instead of Greek subjects. While they are now in the enjoyment of Greek civilization and culture, which was respected even by the Turks, they fear that under the Albanian rule they will lose all these advantages.

The Young Crown Prince of Greece is the hero of Epirus. After the battle of Sarandaporo, in which he displayed great valor and which was his first battle, he made a triumphant tour through the liberated cities of Northern Epirus, Janina, Argyrocastro, Chimara, Santi Quasrauta and Delvino. Argyrocastro is the great Greek centre of this region. Its Greek inhabitants, including those who reside in the surrounding country, number 25,000.